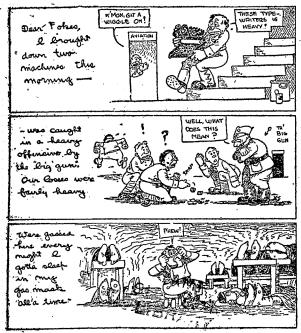
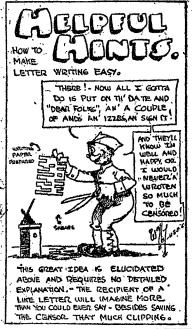
THINK IT'S WHAT THEY IT'S NOT WHAT YOU MEAN,







and le guess you'll be from hear that e am now driving a Jank. sour D mentioned eng the general today: am receivering hospital Brom THE PECENICA torrible bratile we were attacked. burbush by a



-By WALLGREN

FRITZ SLAMS THEM **SQUARE OVER PAN**

Walter Johnson's Fastest Only a Floater by Comparison

FIRST NIGHT UNDER FIRE

Yankee Gunners Show They've Got Eddie Cicottè Stopped When Their Turn Comes

If you've ever batted against Walter Johnson on a cloudy day, you know that he has something on that old fast one. I know it, whether you do or not, because I'd been batting against Walt for eight seasons before I joined this man's army and my averge was inst hold.

cause I'd been batting against. Wall for eight seasons before I joined this man's army and my average was just plain 408. I beat a bunt one day when Eddie Foster slipped in the wet grass. That was my sole hit off the big Swede.

But what Walter has isn't a marker to the 'stuff' old Friiz can put on the ball when his artillery gets your range. Why, Johnson's fast one, that thing he starts from around his knees, is a floater compared to some of the things a Boche cannoneer can heave at you.

And control! Say, if the Huns hadn't had good control one night. I wouldn't be here. They were shooting right over my head at a battery back in the woods and they were pitching nothing but strikes. I was afraid every moment that they would waste one and get me.

That was my first night under fire and I thought at the time that it also would be my last. But Fritz certainly was lamming them right over the middle, and aside from a little shrapnel rattling of the roof occasionally, he didn't bother us, though my nerves were pretty badly frayed before the ninth inning came around.

On the Ammunition Detail

On the Ammunition Detail

I was given the important, not to say exalted, post of helping out on an ammunition detail, and the truck loaded with hand grenades was rolled up under the lee of a big barn so as to be out of sight of the Boches, who were about three-quarters of a mile down the road. There was a sort of shel that we got under, so the hostile aviators couldn't see us. If they had even suspected what was behind that barn, I wouldn't be here now, for it was an easy shot for even a rotten artilleryman.

Some soldiers bunked in one end of the barn and there was a Y.M.C.A. canteen in the other. It was so close to the front lines that the canteen used to open after dark and do business until daylight. The colonel wouldn't let any one come around in the daytime.

There were Yank batteries on three sides of us, none of them more than 300 yards away, and it was these batteries that the Boche was after. He wouldn't bother to waste a shot on the barn because he guessed that there couldn't be any men there and he didn't figure that we would be crazy enough to stop a million dollar load of ammunition in such an exposed place.

About four o'clock in the afternoon,

was behind that barn, I wouldn't be here now, for it was an easy shot for even a rotten artilleryman.

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About four o'clock in the afternoon, Fritz started to warm up his salary virg. His first shot was right over our heads, but it was short, and he kept putting up the range until the bursts told him that he was on the target. Then he kept breaking them over the corners as pretty as you please for four hours. Matty at his best never had better control. The other fellows didn't seem to be scared a bit because they said the Germans weren't aiming at us.

Suppose Someone Cheated?

Couldn't Retire the Side

As nearly as I could figure the score, Fritz made about two runs in his inning and he couldn't get us out at all after we went to be.

As nearly as I could figure the score, Fritz made about two runs in his inning and he couldn't get us out at all after we went to be.

The American gunners were still lamming them back when we got orders to move our ammunition up to another part of the front. That was one order I obeyed with alacrity, for I figured that the flurs want he first time he is the summinition of the find whether couldn't be the find when the find whether couldn't be the find when the find when the find whether couldn't be the find when the

Suppose Someone Cheated?

"Yes," I said, "but suppose one of those squareheads back in Germany had cheated a little in making up this next charge of powder and spilled some of it on the floor. About a teaspoonful of explosive shy would put him right on top of us and we would be just as dead whether he apologized for his wild pitch or not. I haven't confidence enough in my friends, let alone a perfect stranger, to want them to be shooting so close. It's raining, too, and you know a wet ball is apt to get away from you." "There's no use being scared of them hig ones," said a doughboy who was shaving with a straight blade just outside the door and not even flinching when the shrapnel hit the roof "You can hear them coming and dodge 'em if they come too close. The sound will tell you if they are getting near."
"Yes," I came back, "you can hear walter's 'swift' coming, too, but that don't make you regain consciousness any quicker when happens to bean you."

"THE COMMAND IS 'FORWARD'"

("Lieutenant Hansen, the com-mand is Forward." See the boys through."—Last words of Captain Francis M. Leahy.)

"The command is 'Forward!'" Let this call Re-echo through the fields of France; From base ports to the final wall That looms before our next advance; By land or sea, by plain or hill, Fling this lone slogan to the Hun, Until the closing gun is still, Until the final job is done.

"The command is 'Forward!' " Send

it on From post to post along the line, Until, against some glowing dawn, Our vanguard swings across the Rhine; Until, around the Prussian throne, The closing wall of steel is cast-Until, where Right has reached its

own. The German flag is furled at last.

Couldn't Retire the Side

FOR HEBREW DEAD

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A double triangle, one inverted upon the other, forming the star of Isarel, will be used to mark the graves of the A.E.F.'s Hebrew dead, according to instructions in G.O. 122. The star will be fixed to a stake or plain board.

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BEES RAID JERSEY TOWN

any quicker when he happens to bean you."

Wait until they begin to crack down on us with them 88's," said the doughby. "Them are the babies. They come so fast that there ain't no time to duck. They probably will give us an hour or so of them for good measure before they are through with today's entertainment."

"They may give you an hour of them, but they won't give us anything of the kind," I said, beginning to feel worse and worse. "By the time they fire the

MAJOR JIM IS HERE; **SO'S CORPORAL BILL**

Forty, a Farmer and Father of Four Children, but He's With Us

This is the story of two college friends who went to war.

It was the Spanish-American War, by the way, for they were graduated back in '97. The next year found Jim-his real name is Guy, not Jim-fighting with a militin outfit in the Philippines and Bill a sergeant in the Signal Corps down Cuba way.

and Bill a sergeant in the Signal Corps down Cuba way.

Later Bill married, and, in the course of time, took over a thousand acre farm in that part of the Middle West which some langhable New Yorkers were afraid was going to be so terribly apathetic about his world war. The farm yielded marvelously. With the passing years, four children came to Bill, and Mrs. Bill.

The German flag is furled at lust.

The German flag is furled at lust.

Second shell of the sort that you can't hear coming. I'll be over that second ridge in the background."

Our Turn Next

After the Boches got through having their party and their arms began to get weak, our own batteries started up and you can take it from an old big leaguer that what the enemy had shown was nothing to what our side had.

Talk about stuff! There were some batteries on our left that were showing more than Eddic Cicotte ever had in his life and mixing them up, too. First, the 75's would let them have a few fast ones and then the 155's would enver one over. Finally the 210's would shoot as low one at them.

After I had got control of myself so that my knees, decided it wasn't old home week, I went out to look at the firing, and the way things were mussed up across the river was a caution. Through the glasses that a Signal Corps gay let me have, I could see half of the German, army stying through the air every time one of those big ones busted. Harry Hooper throwing to the plate with a guy trying to score on a sacrifice fly wasn't a marker to our ginners. And we were heaving them right in a time the about half our shells were filled with as got trying to score on a sacrifice fly wasn't a marker to our ginners. And we were heaving them right in a time and not bouncing them. They told me that about half our shells were filled with as so strong that you had to wear a gas mask when you called the ord nance storchouse on the telephone.

Couldn't Retire the Side

INV Cable To The Starks and Strupes. I

BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES. (BY CAME: TO THIS STARS AND STRIPPS, I AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Dad can't buy his new 1919 Spring model buggy to match the old sorrel mare. The War In-dustries board has just put the lid on all chromatic effects in buggy decora-tions, so Dad will have to do without the fancy colors and buy a plain black or gray model.

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hospital, swinging his lantern with the easy assurance of having done a good job. He swung himself and the lantern into the inner office to receive congratulations.

ulations..
"Put that glim out!" bellowed the adjutant. "Don't you know they've just sounded the air alarm?"

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"He hasn't been paid nonths." "Gee, the lucky stiff!"

BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES. AMERICA, Aug. 15.—Wall Street has changed its spots. Nobody can call it a barometer any more. Even the past week's good news from the front didn't

week's good news from the front dade, make stocks go up. The bears indig-nantly complain that bad news doesn't make it go down, either. Financial experts daily offer occul-and impressive explanations which are all different, but plain darned fools say that maybe Government control of dustries and capitalization has gumn the speculative works.

BUT HE MEANT WELL

The hospital had a new night watchman, but for all his newness he was right on the job. So when he heard a French bugler disturbing the calm of early morn with some weird but shrilly pined call, he at once ran out with his lattern and forcibly ejected the bugler from the premises.

"You nut," he said, "don't you know this is a hospital?"

The bugler probably did; anyway he tried to explain, but the watchman was too mad 10 understand French.

Then the watchman went back to the

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